

DUK DE RICHELIEU, Descendant of the Cardinal TO TOUR Several Months Through the UNITED STATES.

He Is a Son of the Princess of Monaco, Is Democratic, and Hopes That the Object of His Trip Will Not Be Misconstrued by the American People — Is Fond of Athletics.

TODAY the Duc de Richelieu, a son of the Princess of Monaco, and the bearer of the name and title which the Grand Cardinal of France first made illustrious during the reigns of Henry IV and Louis XIII, is leaving the Chateau Haut Buisson for Havre, from which port he will shortly sail for a visit of several months to the United States.

The Duc de Richelieu will remain in New York for at least two weeks following his arrival before proceeding on a tour of the country, extending from ocean to ocean. Already it is understood that preparations are being made for his entertainment while in the metropolis by several prominent society leaders and considerable curiosity has existed since the announcement of his coming as to the personality of the prospective visitor.

By reason of the illustrious name which he bears and the entire elimination of any fortune-hunting suggestion in connection with his visit—he being the possessor in his own right of considerable wealth, in addition to large landed interests which came to him by inheritance—this young nobleman is considered one of the most eligible members of the quasi French nobility.

Is Fond of Athletics.

He is thirty-two years old and is rumored to be heart whole and fancy free. Beyond his fondness for athletics—he is distinctly athletic and spends most of his time upon his estates in eastern France—and the fact that he much prefers an open-air life to that of the boulevards of the capital, where he has eschewed rather than courted society, surprisingly little is known of the present Duc de Richelieu in this country.

To a correspondent for the Sunday Times in Paris the Duc stated a few days ago, as he was leaving the capital to bid his mother farewell at the Chateau Haut Buisson, preparatory to sailing, that his visit to America was simply to satisfy a desire that he has long entertained to see with his own eyes a country of which he had heard so much. He said further that he hoped the American papers would say as little as possible about his sojourn, as one thing which has made him delay so long in visiting the United States was the fear that the American people would misconstrue his visit to be a fortune-hunting expedition. He wished the fact made plain that he would simply travel as a private individual and in no official capacity whatsoever.

Distinguished Ancestry.

Tracing back the genealogy of the present representative of the Richelieu family is to review in succession the most interesting phases and periods of modern French history.

Our prospective visitor is the immediate descendant of Armand Emmanuel du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, who was



CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU.

born on September 25, 1766, and died May 17, 1822. This Armand de Richelieu was in turn the grandson of the the Marshal de Richelieu who figures in the historical romance of the Comtesse du Barry, now running in the Sunday Times, and who himself was a grandnephew of the cardinal and premier French statesman of the seventeenth century.

The eminent prelate whom Alexandre Dumas has helped to immortalize in the "D'Artagnan" romances remains in many respects the French national hero. Having few friends in his lifetime because of the harshness of his rule, he is now esteemed at his proper value. His name and fame are cherished because he secured for his country a commanding voice in the councils of Europe.

When Armand de Richelieu appeared on the stage of affairs in 1685 the kingdom was governed by the last of the Valois monarchs. He was of an ancient though not illustrious lineage, the family belonging to the lesser nobility of Pitou and bearing the name of du Plessis. They were a fighting race, and prone to deeds of cruelty and violence. But such was the custom of the times, and the du Plessis were neither better nor worse than most of the smaller nobles in an age of disorder.

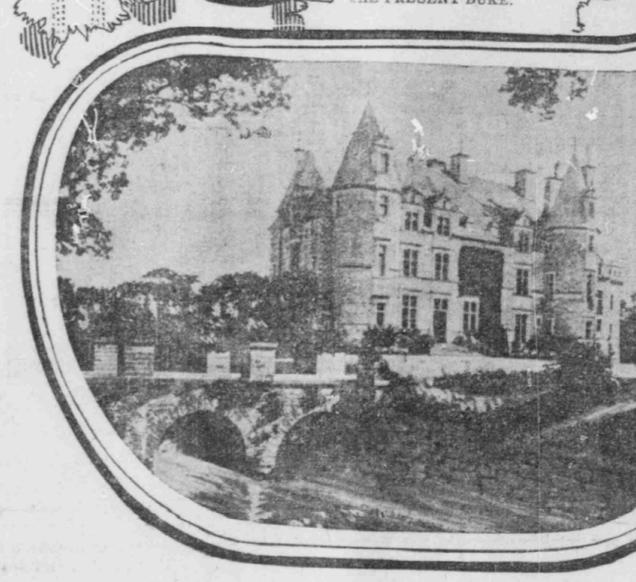
Antoine du Plessis, called the monk, was a great uncle of the cardinal. The family wished to make a priest of him that he might hold certain benefices. But he fled from the abbey, discarded his gown and became a soldier.

Death of Antoine du Plessis.

Perhaps as a result of his religious training he was especially rigorous against heretics. On one occasion a hundred Huguenots, having taken refuge in a church, he butchered them all in cold blood and carried fire and pillage wherever he went. At last he was killed in Paris. In 1542 the grandfather of the



THE PRESENT DUKE.



THE CHATEAU DE RICHELIEU, IN POITOU, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE RICHELIEUS.

future cardinal married Francoise de Rochechouart, a member of a powerful and illustrious family. In some degree she deteriorated from her family rank by marrying a Richelieu and the marriage contract displays the difference in position with the somewhat brutal frankness of an age of plain speaking.

Cardinal Richelieu was born at the Chateau de Richelieu, in Poitou, which

he afterward rebuilt. Little of the chateau now remains, but the extensive park, which was admired for its beauty in his day, the trim avenues, the canals and fountains are still there, and not greatly changed in appearance since the cardinal wandered about them in his boyhood.

This chateau, which is shown in the accompanying picture, was an excellent

specimen of a feudal building. It was protected by a round tower at each corner and was surrounded by a deep fosse. Within were the great halls, the numerous courts, galleries, and chambers of the castle, intended not merely for the residence of a family, but for the presence of a body of soldiers in time of need. It was surmounted by a confusion of roofs, turrets, and chimneys,



THE PRINCESS OF MONACO, Mother of Present Duc de Richelieu.

which gave it a picturesque attractiveness not entirely wiped out by the hand of time.

The cardinal was educated at the famous college of the Sorbonne, and being afterward appointed to the see of Lucon, he became almoner to Louis XIII, in 1613.

Notable Career of Richelieu.

Notwithstanding the rapidity of his elevation, Richelieu was still a very obscure man, and no one dreamed of the career that lay before him. Nine years later—and for the next eighteen years—he held the kingdom of France in the hollow of his hand. Looking back along the mercurial history of France may be found no figure that stands out in bolder relief than that of the first of the Richelieus—soldier, prelate, and statesman, the masterful servant and the subservient master of Louis XIII. He once declared that when he had made up his mind he did not sleep before setting his agents to work mowing down everything that stood in his way, and then—he covered it all with his red casock.

This Richelieu did indeed hew down, but where he destroyed he invariably rebuilt and always to the advantage of the country; while what he covered with his red casock, according to his ominous metaphor, was well and wisely covered before it could bring France to a fate as sanguine as its own.

None of his actions has been more severely criticized than the execution of Cinqu-Mars and De Thou, two months before his death. But it was no personal vindictiveness that dictated the tragic order. It is easy to forget the circumstances, blinded by the halo of romance which time has thrown around the fate of these ill-starred noblemen, but his torrid brands their secret compact with Spain as a traitorous conspiracy and points out the ruin it would have

His Coming Recalls the Remarkable History of the House of Richelieu, Whose Greatest Member was the Ecclesiastic Whose Influence Shaped the Destiny of the French Empire.

brought upon France but for the intervening hand of the merciless cardinal. Twice in the course of his career was he exiled, and each time reinstated. Once it was through the good offices of Marie de Medici; the second time by the force of his influence over Louis. Following this, the rule of the iron prelate was supreme. He was firm when firmness was the only salvation for both himself and the country, and so he forgot the meaning of the word mercy.

"Show me six lines written by the most honest man in the world, and I will find therein enough to hang him," he said to his secretaries one day, and when one of them, hoping to entrap him, wrote upon a card, "One and two are three," the cardinal replied: "Blasphemy against the Holy Trinity. One and two make one."

To him Europe was a mighty chess-board, and the time allowed for play was all too brief. His attention to the game never relaxed from the moment when, as deputy to the states general, he moved the first pawn until death checkmated him, and with half his schemes still incomplete, the iron cardinal and the greatest statesman France has ever known laid aside forever the power that had overawed a kingdom and a king.

The Present Duc de Richelieu.

His grandnephew, through whom the present member of the house of Richelieu succeeded to the title on the death of his father a few years ago, was born in Paris in 1696 and lived to the ripe age of ninety-two. Besides his reputation as the French Lovelace, he attained, in spite of a deplorably defective education, distinction as a diplomatist and general. As ambassador to Vienna from 1725 to 1729, he arranged the preliminaries of peace. Later he helped to gain the victory of Fontenoy.

Three years afterward he conducted a brilliant defense of Genoa. In 1756 he expelled the English from Minorca by the capture of the San Felipe fortress, and he closed his military career two years later by those marauding expeditions in Hanover which procured him the soubriquet of Petit Pere de la Maraude. He was thrice imprisoned in the Bastille and thrice married: first, against his will, at the age of fourteen, to Made-moiselle de Noailles; secondly, by the intrigues of Voltaire, to Mademoiselle de Guise; and thirdly, when he was eighty-four years old, to an Irish lady of rank.

His grandson—Armand Emmanuel de Plessis Duc de Richelieu—is remembered mainly as the enlightened and heroic governor of Odessa, who guided the city through the terrible years of the plague, and as the minister of foreign affairs, under Louis XVIII, to whom it fell to sign the treaty of 1815. A pension of 50,000 francs, voted to him by the two chambers of deputies, he devoted to the public charities of Bordeaux. Dying in 1822, he left a large estate and the title to his eldest son, the father of the young nobleman now on his way to the United States.

SECRETARY CHAMBERLAIN'S FIRST OFFICIAL JUNKET

JUST two years ago Mr. Chamberlain made his first trip as a distinguished guest on board a warship.

A godly squadron of battleships, cruisers, and small craft lay idling at their moorings one hot Sunday afternoon at the end of October off the seaport of Salonica in the Eastern Levant. Suddenly a signal came fluttering over the blue water from the flagship informing H. M. S. Caesar that she was to proceed to Gibraltar in order to convey the colonial secretary from there to Malta.

On arriving at the Rock the Caesar found that the P. and O. which was bringing out Mr. Chamberlain from England, had not yet arrived. And it was not before the afternoon that Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied by his son, went on board the Caesar.

All found the colonial secretary a most charming guest, one who took an interest in every bit of the daily work connected with the sailor man; watching him at his work—equally at his play—ever ready with words of encouragement, and continually asking questions of interest, clearly showing how thoroughly a "shore-going man" could enter into the routine on board a man-of-war.

Mainly Due to Navy.

It was mainly due to the work done by the British navy in the past that Great Britain is what it now is, and by looking at these men and officers around him, and after seeing them at their work and play day by day and night by night, as he had done, he felt he was in no way flattering them if he said that such men and officers as he saw before him would do just as well—every bit—in the future as their forefathers had done in the past; and so long as the high standard of officers and men was not allowed to diminish, no fear might be felt from hostile European powers.

Mr. Chamberlain is endowed with that happy gift of impressing upon people, while in conversation, that what they have to communicate to him is of vast importance, and by so doing making even the most nervous impart their little knowledge to him.

Although Mr. Chamberlain several times dined in the ward-room mess, of which he was an honorary member, he was never prevailed upon to make a speech, and only once during the voyage to Malta did he do so at all.

The occasion was after a concert on the quarterdeck one evening, and to the accompaniment of the sea splashing against the ship's side and the regular, unbroken thud of the screws, the colonial secretary addressed "Jack" on "Imperialism."

He spoke of "Building up the Empire," inch by inch, bit by bit, taking a little piece here, another there (at which remark there was laughter).

Such words as these could hardly fail to instill into the minds of those present that come what might no man on board that ship would be found wanting in the hour of peril.

During the forenoon Mr. Chamberlain employed himself in official correspondence, and in the afternoons in going over the ship and witnessing the various drill instructions, the latter carried out with that automatic clockwork regularity which is part and parcel of the seaman's life.

The Good Hope, in which Mr. Chamberlain is now making his way to South Africa, carries three old Caesar officers in the shape of the flag captain, first lieutenant, and the sub-lieutenant; and among the crew are many old Caesar men.

Mr. Chamberlain will probably hear on the Good Hope the ditty which took his fancy in the Caesar. The last lines of the chorus run as follows: We're getting it by degrees, we're getting it by degrees; We haven't got the universe yet, but we're getting it by degrees.

LYNCHLAW IN RUSSIA

AN extraordinary affray took place a few days ago at Lopatchevo, a populous village in the government of Kieff, Russia. This place has latterly earned an evil reputation as harboring a band of cattle and horse thieves, who systematically raided the cattle of the villages and hamlets in the adjoining district.

The rural police took little notice of the complaints of the victims, and the latter therefore took the matter of chastisement into their own hands. They organized an overwhelming attack upon Lopatchevo, which they approached in three columns from various points. There were no firearms among the attacking parties, but they were well equipped with stout cudgels. The enemy had, however, received warning; and were paraded for the onslaught, which was delivered with desperate vigor.

The conflict lasted a couple of hours, when the attacking party had to retire, leaving five of their number behind beaten to death. The defenders lost three killed, making eight fatalities altogether. There are thirty-three of the combatants in hospital, many of them injured for life.

Year by year, so soon as the dark nights of autumn begin, a veritable plague of horse-stealing breaks out in the rural districts of Russia. There seems to be no means of checking this evil, which is now at its yearly zenith. When one considers that the peasant's horse is almost his only property and his chief instrument of labor, one can understand his bitter hatred of the horse-thief. His hatred is nourished and fanned to fury by the knowledge of the light punishment which the Russian law provides for horse-stealing. This is the explanation of the presence of lynch law in Russia and of its recent violent manifestation.

The Wizard.

He can't go forth and say to men, "You shall do that or this;" He can't with one stroke of a pen Send millions woe or bliss; But he can reach with little hands And sweetly smile at me, And I forget that sorrow stands Where gladness ought to be.

He can't by saying "yes;" or "no" Cause idle wheels to turn; He cannot give to millions woe, Or lessen their concern; But he can twine two little arms Around my neck, and I Forget that wealth possesses charms And, gladdened, cease to sigh. —Chicago Record-Herald.

BEST PAYING RAILROAD IN THE UNITED STATES

IT is not generally known that South-western Pennsylvania can boast of having a railroad line that carries more passengers in proportion to its length than any other track in the United States, if not in the world.

The line in question is the Washington branch of the great Panhandle Road, or, as it is known among the older residents of Washington and Allegheny counties, the Chartiers Branch. It is only thirty-two miles long, but carries on an average 4,500 persons a day the year through, or a total of 1,642,500 for the year.

What this vast array pays in fares is not known, as there is no separate record or passenger finances kept by the company. But it will average at least 75 cents apiece, making the total \$1,231,875. This, with the considerable quantity of freight (principally coal) that arises from the territory through which the road runs, makes a snug revenue, estimated at \$3,000,000 a year.

A Town for Every Mile.

The reason so many persons are carried on the Washington branch, of course, is because the road runs through a remarkably thickly populated district. There are towns every mile or so along the track and in addition two branch lines on the Washington branch itself serve to enhance the traffic.

One of these lines into the western part of Washington county was but recently opened. It runs to Westland and Polanka and opens up a valuable mining section. Many people think that Polanka is a corruption of "polinka" or "polinky," the Hungarian for beer, as they have imbibed the idea that because many Hungarians are employed in this district the town was named thus. The railroad officials, however, say this is a misconception, and that when the town was named "polinky" or beer was not even thought of.

On some occasions, such as circus or parade days, the Washington branch

hauls 10,000 people to Pittsburg. Other days the daily human freight reaches to the 6,000 figure, and on rainy days as low as 2,000 or 3,000.

There are twelve trains daily through the week on the Chartiers branch, nine of which make the through trips from Pittsburg to Washington. On Sundays two trains do service between these points. Of the nine trains two are "cannonball" expresses which speed the thirty-two miles in one hour.

Some idea of how thickly settled the country is along the branch is obtained when it is stated that there are sixteen towns between Carnegie and Washington—a distance of twenty-three miles, or an average of a town every mile and a half. On the branches are towns also. One branch projects from Bridgeville in the shape of a fork with Cecil and Bishop as the prongs. The other branch is also fork-shaped, starting from Houston on the main branch and running to McConnell's Mills.

From this point the prongs extend to Westland and Polanka. Houston is a couple of miles or so south of Canonsburg, while Bridgeville is between Canonsburg and Carnegie. Washington is by far the largest town on the branch with Carnegie second and Canonsburg third. At Woodville and Marshalea both stations are the county and city homes, and these, with their visitors, add not a little to the passenger traffic on the road.

Railroad Planned in 1831.

The Chartiers Railway or Washington branch was constructed in 1871 by the Pennsylvania interests. It was so named on account of following the line of Chartiers Creek. In this connection it is interesting to note that as early as 1831 there was a railway surveyed between Pittsburg and Washington.

Owing to financial difficulties the project was laid over and finally abandoned. In 1831 there was scarcely a mile

of railroad track in the United States, for it was only six years before that Stephenson operated the first locomotive in England.

The first railroad to reach Pittsburg was the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1852, following shortly after by the Fort Wayne, which at that time did not belong to the Pennsylvania lines.

The old Pittsburg and Connelville, now the Baltimore and Ohio, was built about 1860, and the Panhandle, then called the Steubenville and Pittsburg, in 1861. The war of the rebellion and the necessity of having a road whereby troops could be transported from Pittsburg to the Southwest led to the building of the Panhandle.

Ten years later the Chartiers branch was built under the direction of Engineer De Haas. At one time Thomas Johnson, now consulting engineer of the Pennsylvania lines, was chief engineer of the Chartiers branch. During the last few years the prosperity of the country through which the Washington branch extends has been phenomenal, and with it the freight and passenger traffic has grown in proportion.

Began to Be Settled in 1750.

The thickly settled nature of the country is due in great part not only to this prosperity, but to the fact that Washington county was the first part of Western Pennsylvania to build up, settlers making homes there as early as 1750. Canonsburg and Washington are over a century old, being founded thirty years or more before the opening of the nineteenth century.

Of late years Washington has expanded its industries remarkably. New mines have been opened up all along the road. These things have added tremendously to the freight carried by the road and greatly impeded the movement of passenger trains, as patrons west of Carnegie know only too well.

Most of the increase in the passenger traffic in the last few years has arisen from the towns of Sheraden, Crafton, Ingram, and Carnegie. The two first named have been growing at a tremendous rate.